

The second to the same tune!



Now when those Lads and Lasses
were all together that day,
In that same gallant Peddow,
a making of the Hay:

They ply'd their work so closely,
and labored so compleat,
Until the pretty Maidens brows,
did drop a pace with sweat.

The young-men in like manner,
drew forth Handkerchiefs then,
To wipe the Maidens faces,
like loving hearted men.

No hurt was done amongst them,
but now and then a kisse, (hearts
The young-men gave their sweet-
you know no harm's in this.

At last when bright Phoebus,
the Sun was going down,
A merry disposed Piper,
approached from the Town.

And with his Pipe and Laboz,
he did so trimly play.
So that they all laid down their Tools,
and left off making Hay.

When each man took his sweet heart,
their fortunes to advance,
John with Nell, and Nan with Will,
and Tib with Tom did dance,

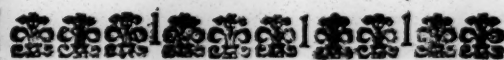
No rare nor braver pastime;
could be under the Sun,
When from the morn to evening
was in the Peddow done:

Now thus much for the Countrey folks
I dare be bold to say,
Which in the merry Peddows,
that time were making Hay;
No ill act was committed,
nor no ill businesse wrought,
Would every one in London were;
as pure in Deed and Thought:

Some of you London Lasses,
flanis up and dootn in fags,
With Copper Lace, and painted face;
Silk Scarfs, and gay black Bags:
In vry mind are not so wholsom,
so handsome nor so fair:
As are the Countrey Damselfs plain
that nere such toys did wear.

FINIS.

L. P



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